

Fairbrother's Fancies.

Snap Shots at Happenings On the Wing.

When Judge Parker, late of Esopus, came down into North Carolina and made a speech at Charlotte, and tossed the bouquet to the South by insisting that a Southern man be named as the next presidential candidate of the Democratic party, he came as a friend in need to many of the newspaper men who were waiting for something to write about. The Judge, I take it, wanted to be nice about it, and yet what he said was not at all out of place—for surely there are many Southern gentlemen and statesmen who could fill the presidential chair.

But North Carolina writers seized upon the theme and saw only their own state in the proposition made by the Judge. The idea may be named as Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, a gentleman of national reputation. Mayor McIninch, of the Queen City, stood Mr. Tompkins up, but after it was demonstrated that Mr. Tompkins was a personal enemy to Charlotte, it was decided that it would not do to launch a boom for Mr. Tompkins in that manner. It was suggested that it looked too much like a put up job—so the press gang refused to consider the Mayor's nomination as serious.

Since then there have been several candidates suggested from North Carolina—the names of ex-Governor Aycock, Hon. Cyrus B. Watson, General Julian S. Carr, Governor Robert Glenn and some other State celebrities, any one of whom, it is claimed, would make good president. That is the case with the others, and the South-States to be heard from, and by the time they all come in for roll call I fear that there will be so many that it will be easy for the North or West to again name the candidate. One thing is certain, however, and that is, seed of this kind being sown by Parker will one day result in a Southern man being named.

In this connection the many friends of William J. Bryan and he has many friends in North Carolina—are pleased with the press comments from the North concerning his recent magazine article, "Individualism vs. Socialism." They regard it as a good sign to see some of the gold bug papers, notably the New York Times, speaking kindly of his views, and those who are indulging the hope that he may again be the standard bearer in 1908 have taken new heart. However, I am not in the position of business, and as North Carolina has not yet been undertaken to name her choice, I will not undertake to point out the excellent qualities possessed by the North Carolinians I have mentioned above.

There are other politics, however, which seem to be more likely. The hope of many of his friends that he would enter the race for United States senator has been dispelled by the ex-Governor. Mr. Aycock tells me that he would like to go to the Senate; that it certainly is a laudable ambition, and that he is grateful to his many friends who have repeatedly suggested to him the propriety of running, but he cannot enter the race against Senator Simmons. He says he was Governor for four years, and it costs money to be Governor of North Carolina, and that he is commencing to feel that he has made enough of it. He must make some money from his profession.

Then, Wescott Robinson, of High Point, who is something of a politician and a close observer, told me the other night at High Point that when Governor Aycock told him many friends who have repeatedly suggested to him the propriety of running, but he cannot enter the race against Senator Simmons. He says he was Governor for four years, and it costs money to be Governor of North Carolina, and that he is commencing to feel that he has made enough of it. He must make some money from his profession.

The congressional fight, also, has stirred down again to where Mr. Kitchin will make the fight only to succeed himself. It is predicted now that he will have no opposition—The Honorable Cyrus Watson, of Winston, announcing positively that he will not be a candidate. It is said, however, in this connection, that the next time there will be something doing. It is understood that Solicitor Brooks will be a candidate two years hence for the place of Mr. Kitchin; that Kitchin will be in the line of progression for Governor; and that Governor Glenn will be in the fight for the place now held by Senator Simmons. I asked Mr. Brooks to tell me if this state was really fixed, and all he would say was that he expected to be a candidate for Solicitor, again this fall—the making his third term for that office and the chances are that he will go under the wire without opposition. But as to his congressional aspiration, he would not commit himself—all he would say was that two years and a half was a long time off—and that men had died in a less space of time. But the stars seem to read that way, and friends of Senator Overman have expressed themselves to the effect that they would not be at all surprised if the state mentioned above

was not the one that will be urged by many of the politicians.

I don't know why it is—but every man never attends a primary; no matter if he never votes, he knows the situation to a dot, and he likes to talk politics and read politics. Now a woman is different. You can lay down before a woman a red hot political letter and a spring catalogue, and there is no doubt about what she will read first. She would rather be posted on the latest style dress or bonnet—no matter whether she has the price to buy one or not. She dreams that she may have the price or concludes what she would buy if she had the price—and the dream, while the wheel is on is just as fascinating as though she had ordered and received the hat or garment. Women are wonders when it comes to style. And a woman can tell you what the other woman wore. A man might pass a thousand men and not notice a single one, but she would tell you the color of the dress, the style of the hat, and I told her I couldn't understand how she could remember such things. She said she never forgot the color of a dress a woman wore, no matter how many years ago it might have been.

How different with the woman! I was in Charlotte, N. C., and met a lady who asked about a lady living in my town. I was not informed concerning her—but she said she hadn't seen her for sixteen years. "The last time I saw her," said the lady, "was the day she was married. She wore a brown dress and a—some kind of a hat. But there it was—sixteen years ago, and that woman remembered the color of the dress, the style of the hat, and I told her I couldn't understand how she could remember such things. She said she never forgot the color of a dress a woman wore, no matter how many years ago it might have been.

There is nothing wrong about this. I am not criticizing the women, but I wonder why it is. Is it because they envy the garment when they see it, and it makes a lasting impression, or is it because they have trained their minds to think about dresses? I can't remember the color of my last necktie, but, according to this Charlotte lady, she could tell the color of a necktie, if a woman wore it, fifteen or sixteen years ago.

But, speaking of things current and women's dresses and colors and styles, have you seen the season's catalog of Easter hats or bonnets or whatever you call 'em? Some of them the grandest creations since the Yosemite Valley or the goysers of Yellowstone Park. A Cunnard is not a circumstance to one of 'em. Armor plate or Armour beef would not equal some of 'em I have seen. Flowers, asparagus, bananas, neckties, trace chains and chicken coops. I never in all my life, with three sheets in the wind and the wine still flowing, saw such wonderful profusion of things heaped together as some of the Easter hats displayed this year. And they tell me they cost anywhere from a hundred thousand up. But suppose they do? Who is there in the bunch bold enough to say they are not stunning? Not a man—if the lady of the house is within hearing distance.

Something over a year ago Charlotte, N. C., went dry. They voted the saloons out, and since that time there has been a difference of opinion as to whether the blind tiger, the fake clubs and the drug store dispensers were a greater evil than bar-rooms—and the prohibitionists contend that without bar-rooms the city is better off from a moral standpoint—and those who are for prohibition do not count the cost, so they refuse to let the revenue figure in the deal. There are a great many people in Charlotte, law-abiding and respectable people, who honestly believe that saloons regulated are better than booze joints blind and unregulated, and accordingly there is an attempt on foot now to call in election and again settle the question at the polls.

I was in Charlotte this week, and in passing around asked the opinion of some on both sides the question—and I found that the town would go as when I talked to the prohibitionists, and I found it would remain dry when I talked to prohibitionists. It is to be the same old fight, and of course no man can tell what the general results will be, so I am not venturing an opinion. It is only to be regretted that the whiskey question cannot be settled. It is always leading up just when something else should claim attention. But one thing you can't do in Charlotte, N. C., and that is, get up any factional quarrel over the 20th of May celebration.

Go to Charlotte and tell a man that the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is a fiction, and you stand a good chance to cash your accident policy, if not your life insurance policy. This year the celebration will be the biggest ever known. It is the intention of the committee to burn red powder, to shoot real cannon, to have bands of music and lighting by the yards, and floats, and everything that they ever dreamed of having at Bunker Hill, Charlotte on the May day celebration stands solid to a

man, and prohibition or politics, or nothing or anything, can't divide her for a minute. And it is well.

I paid a brief visit to Danville the other day, and was surprised to know that quiet once more reigned where there was much confusion over the dog ordinance. It will be recalled that it was the purpose of some of the councilmen to tax all mongrel curs and all bulldogs about twenty-five cents per—aid this meant that it would put them out of business. But after much discussion and some learned opinions handed down, it was concluded that a cur dog, or a mongrel dog, or a bulldog, had as many rights under the Constitution made and provided as any other kind of a dog—so the mania of love was spread over the Kennel and the town, and dogs of all sorts and shades and hues and varieties roam the street and bay the moon with their old-time strenuousness.

What they should do would be to legislate against Sargeant Pat. Bolsoak's William Goats, which sometimes run at large, much to the consternation of those who are not fond of the Buttlinskere family.

I am glad to see that North Carolina has finally organized a state society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The motive that prompts these people to give of their time and money to protect and defend the dumb brutes is noble and humane; a cause most worthy—but I must insist that there is yet lacking a society for the prevention of youth debauching itself by smoking cigarettes and drinking dips that sooner or later means physical and moral death. Such a society is demanded—and while the animals should be protected, so should children. Is it not so, my brother?

Al Fairbrother

Uncle Aleck's
Chops at Truth

"Ah, notts dat a good many men an guttah-but allah in a imertashun Hah-bana wrappah!"

"De worst trouble erhout bein' er mill-honah, ez fah as Ah kin see, is dat yo' can't eat co'n beef an' cabbage, ez yo' wants it."

"Hitts a col' woff' foh a man when de collectah an' hot affah him."

"Most men gits paid fo' what dey can bluff oddah licks into bellobin' dat dey knows."

"Yo' can't tell no mo' erbout a man fum what he tells yo' erbout hies' dan yo' kin judge a patten' med'ine by hies' alminke."

"Do profuhd erdition wid dis ole pusion an' de one what keeps his distance."

"In mah exp'ience de cyn'd shahp brats 'em all at mahn' de deuce."

"Whendebah de races comes to town Ah notices dat de ones what follows de hosses goes to de daveys."

"De trouble wid some folks is dat dey don' considah mah'go a success ez dey don' hab divo'ce as a successah."

"De man wet keeps busy min' his own bizness ah' nebbeh out of wuk."

"Outside ob de cullud folkses hit am er de de de domesticks an' gen'ally furrinalls."—American Spectator.

PACK OF CARDS HIS BIBLE.

Familiar Tale Which Has Caused World-Wide Comment.

At irregular intervals during the past quarter of a century there has appeared in public prints the story of a soldier who, being caught presumably playing solitaire in church with a pack of cards, was arrested on the charge of desecrating the Sabbath. The offense was all the more heinous as the alleged crime was committed within a place of worship. The soldier, however, put up such a plausible defense that the magistrate not only discharged him, but reprimanded the constable who made the arrest. There are one or two minor defects in the soldier's plea, which the magistrate either overlooked or failed to notice, being surprised with the eloquence of the fellow. The story here repeated reads as follows: "What have you to say for yourself?" thundered the magistrate.

"Only this, your honor," replied the culprit. "I have been on the march for many weeks. Having no prayer-book, I use, instead, a pack of cards, which serves to awaken all the religious instincts by suggestion. When I see the ace it reminds me there is but one God; the deuce reminds me of Father and Son; the tray reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the four spot reminds me of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I see the five it reminds me of the five who were crucified; when I see the six it reminds me of the six who were crucified; when I see the seven it reminds me of the seven who were crucified; when I see the eight it reminds me of the eight who were crucified; when I see the nine it reminds me of the nine who were crucified; when I see the ten it reminds me of the ten who were crucified; when I see the jack it reminds me of the jack who was crucified; when I see the queen it reminds me of the queen who was crucified; when I see the king it reminds me of the king who was crucified."

Whites and Their Wives.

Her Sacrifice for Lent.



To Buyers of Furniture:

Carpets, Rugs, Oilcloths, Linoleum, Stoves, Ranges

Who desire the best for the money, or who require the easiest terms of credit, this page is respectfully dedicated. The mission of an advertisement is to bring people to the store. If disappointment follows the visit, the storekeeper is actually harmed, instead of benefited. We have secured many firm and lasting patrons through the advertisements of other storekeepers. If only from a selfish motive, we avoid exaggeration. When we invite you to inspect the finest exhibit of Furniture in Richmond, we lay ourselves open to criticism if your visit reveals anything less than we claim. But finest we have, beyond a doubt, and most moderately priced; and the most gratifying growth of this business of late indicates that our claims are not without adequate foundation.

OH YES, TO BE SURE, YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD

One example of this Store's Under-selling is here illustrated.

A Staunchly - Built Golden Oak Chiffoniere, Sale Price, **\$3.95**

Medicine or Bath Room Cabinets, 79c

One more lesson in Furniture Buying is here demonstrated

Genuine Golden Oak China Closet, Sale Price, **\$17.95**

We will compare it with anything shown in competition at \$24.00 or \$25.00. But to fully appreciate the beauty of this piece, you must inspect it. This small picture doesn't begin to do it justice. Bent glass ends, rich golden oak frame—\$7.50 to \$8.00 lower than you can duplicate it elsewhere, and yet the easiest sort of credit terms.

Splendid Reversible Japanese Matting, **22c** per yard

When you visit this Carpet Department, bring the measurement of your room. Matting worth 30c, 35c and 40c per yard will go for 22c. But this isn't the only attraction—there is better Matting that sells proportionately as cheap.

And there will be twenty or thirty rolls of Carpet, or part rolls—remnants and patterns that we propose taking from the line—all out on the floor at about 10 per cent. discount. Among the lines we might mention \$1.00 Carpet for 69c per yard.

Our New Go-Carts

We carry the pick of the world's best. The styles this week are more elaborate than ever. We have a complete showing of the very finest, and the medium priced, and the lowest priced as well. Take, for instance, the Folding Go-Cart pictured here to-day. It is a cart that sells generally at \$2.50 and \$3.00. Here you buy it for \$1.00.

Where in this wide world can you duplicate this

Golden Oak Extension Table at our price, **\$7.95**

Solid and serviceable, thoroughly well finished, hand polished, with extra boards sufficient to extend to six feet. Have you ever seen as good under \$12.00 to \$16.00?

Ready-to-Wear Garment Dep't,

SECOND FLOOR

Skirts, \$2.98

A new brilliantine, in new circular effect, in black, blue, brown, gray. Monday only, \$2.98.

\$4.98

All-Worsted Shadow Plaids, inverted plaids. Deep fold at bottom. Monday only, \$4.98.

\$6.98

Imported Chiffon Panama, in circular shape, finished in various ways with plaids, folds and so forth; all colors. Monday only, \$6.98.

Shirt Waists, 79c

Many new models heretofore unshown, bought to sell for one dollar. Monday only, 79c.

A Brand New Taffeta Silk Waist, \$3.98

This is the new Knickerbocker, made perfectly plain. Some with folds, others with plaids. Made strictly after the new styles in men's shirts. Long cuffs attached. Monday only, \$3.98.

We have a page in our ledger for you. Just say to the salespeople, Charge It, Please.

Beautiful Jap Silk Waists, \$1.98

Elaborately trimmed with Val. insertion and heavy lace. Others embroidered. Monday only, \$1.98.

A Handsome New Suit, \$24.50

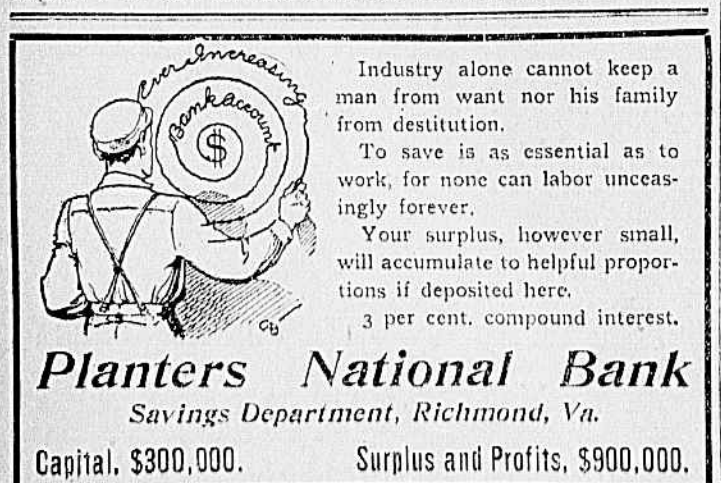
It is made of the finest light-weight Chiffon Panama and invisible Plaid Worsted. Eton Jacket of an entire new design. Taffeta lined. Three-quarter sleeve, circular skirt, with inverted plaids and folds. Deep hem at the bottom. A positive \$25 value.

A New Tuxedo Suit, \$17.50

Made in black and blue Panama, mannish cut coat, fastened with two buttons. Trimmed with braid. Three-quarter sleeves. Inserted waist coat of black Beau de Soie. Circular plaited skirt. Another suit at same price is a new idea in an English check. A clever conceit this. Regular \$25 values.

A Tippy New Suit, \$12.50

At this price we will show for Monday only a New Plaided Eton, with fancy vest effect of finest silk braid and soutache trimming. High-fitting girder. New circular skirt with folds at the bottom. Material, delicate shadow plaid. Regular price, \$18.



Industry alone cannot keep a man from want nor his family from destitution.

To save is as essential as to work, for none can labor unceasingly forever.

Your surplus, however small, will accumulate to helpful proportions if deposited here.

3 per cent. compound interest.

Planters National Bank

Savings Department, Richmond, Va.

Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and Profits, \$900,000.

A Spring Need!

Poultry Netting!

To protect the flower beds, lawns and garden; to keep the chickens in or to keep them out. Nothing better. We have it all sizes and widths. Get our prices before buying.

Baldwin & Brown,

Headquarters for Hardware, Lime, Cement, Barbed Wire, Fencing, &c.

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Cash or Credit

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Accordingly, on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm spring day, she took occasion to ask each of the class in turn what she had given up.

Everything went well, and the answers were proving highly satisfactory, until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?" "Please, ma'am," stammered the child, somewhat confused, "I—I've left off my leggin's."

Whites and Their Wives.

Geronimo, the Apache chief, has gotten married for the eighth time.

"You are a brave man," Geronimo said to the old warrior.

"Brave?" Not at all," returned Geronimo. "The fact of the matter is that an Indian is master of his own house, and marriage hasn't the terror for him that it has for a white."

"Whites and their wives!" Geronimo chuckled. "Why, I once went to a tailor's shop in Washington with a Congressman who wished to order a new suit."

"The Congressman selected the cloth, and the tailor measured him, calling out the dimensions to a clerk with a book. After the measuring the tailor said: 'Married or single, sir?'"

"Married," replied the Congressman.

"One pocket concealed in lining of vest," the tailor made the clerk.

The Kind of a Stomach to Have.

The last delusion, and not the least dangerous, is that our diet needs to be "regulated." A man who continuously and anxiously considers the kind of food he eats—whether it is going to agree with him or not when he eats it—is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. It is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. It is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. It is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so.

Reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary, and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestion and the "chemical" choice of our food, the better it is for us. It is not even well for us to consider too nicely the amounts of water or food taken or whether it is digestible or not.

The really healing of our stomachs ought to be, and is, a matter of disposing of not only the digestible and the indigestible, but the indigestible. Any other kind of a stomach, not worth having, and that is the standard to which we physicians are now turning our backs. The stomach which will digest and utilize anything in reason that is given to it is the only one fitted to survive. Stomachs can be "crammed" just as easily by stuffing them with food as they can by starving them for the purpose of making them more susceptible to the force of the food. The stomach, like any other instrument, should be kept up to its capacity, and it should be allowed to shrink its responsibilities or to be humiliated by its own weakness.

Results of discouraging intelligent distribution in the choice of food.

Some perfectly wholesome foods are literally poison to certain stomachs, and those which

after repeated trials steadily disagree had better be avoided.

Our aim should be to keep our food narrow as wide as possible. Man's ability to eat and thrive upon everything has gone far to make him the dominant animal. Living where others would starve. The sharpest lookout should be kept for any trace of "spilling" or "purification." Nature has provided an instinct and special sense for this very purpose. If we would only use it and follow it, and follow our noses we would escape many a stomachic ailment. But Mrs. Grundy says it's rude to "sniff" at table—Mrs. C. Hutchinson, in McClure's.

Revenge.

"Higginson is henceforth mine enemy. What in the deuce can I do to get even with him?"

"I want revenge!"

"Smash him in the jaw!"

"That would cost money," I'd be locked up."

"Then I'll give you a hint: the very next time a good-looking female looks over your shoulder, you send her to the enemy with an assurance that he can be persuaded to make a purchase if she will be persistent."

New York Press.